UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Concerning Adaptation

By ZONA GALE

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part II. Chapter XVIII. By M. K. GANDHI

A Fortress of Freedom

By ROBERT T. KERLIN

Is Tolerance a Virtue?

By BERYL D. COHON

VOLUME XCVIII NUMBER 20

Chicago, January 17, 1927

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 85 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
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UNITY PUBLISHING Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

Announcement

Part II

OF GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1927 NUMBER 20

THESE ALSO ARE AMONG THE SAINTS

". . . I cannot avoid something of reverence toward those who, without definite belief in God and without hope of future reward, take up all the duties of life with courage, find within themselves the fountains of unselfish love, and spend their lives with joy in the service of their fellowmen. The greatest test of the moral nature comes in the dark eclipse of faith when men learn to love the good for its own sake and not because they hope to gain a heavenly reward or escape a future punishment. No man would choose to walk in darkness, destitute of faith in the personal life and love of God. But if such darkness descends upon a human mind, for any cause, we can only think that the Divine Father would view its victim with tender compassion and rejoice to find that through it all he continues to choose and lead a blameless and loving life."

William A. Vrooman in
"PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY."

Is the Federal Administration deaf and blind to American public opinion? What mind can conceive our Latin American diplomacy? Was there ever a clearer travesty upon the word? If the State Department had set out to enrage our southern neighbors, and bring the United States into disrepute all over the world, could it have more conspicuously succeeded? It is paying Secretary Kellogg a compliment to say that he is incompetent. The only alternative is to pronounce him the witting and willing tool of our marauding oil interests. Nothing but unscrupulous greed can finally furnish the motive for the policy we employ in current dealings with Mexico and Nicaragua. Those who do not cherish the motive can be classified only as the dupes of those who do. The plain citizen wonders if President Coolidge cares. Perhaps he is busy here and there at other things. Maybe he does not know what his Secretary of State is about. Yet there are reports in the press of repeated conferences between the two. What do they talk about on such occasions? Two heads cannot collaborate, and bring forth policies which so far scandalize not only conscience but intelligence. Not even two sheep's heads! The only redeeming feature of the situation is the opportunity afforded the present struggling government of Mexico to rally its ill-educated citizenship to a degree of unity. The simplest peon has the intelligence to see the injustice which a powerful neighbor undertakes to work upon their state. The issue is so plain that a wooden Indian at a cigar stand might comprehend. Yet the forces of oil are themselves a mysterious power. The American public does not know them. Whence this subtle and fell influence with an American Federal Administration? Mr. Doheny is one of them. Are they all like that?

Each new turn of events thrusts further forward Governor Smith, of New York as a national luminary. Upon his inauguration for his fourth term as chief executive of the "Empire State," he did not lessen his chances of winning the honor of presidential preferment. He did a hazardous thing in this inauguration, but he carried it through with the skill which has given eminence to his political career. Everybody else has been talking of him as a presidential candidate, and he joined in the talk! He is a candidate. He said he thinks of the possibility of his being President, and that he will continue to think of it. He wishes to further the plan. He believes the best way to do so is to devote himself without distraction to the business of being an efficient Governor of his state. He is right. Maybe his chances at their rosiest are a pale pink, but they will certainly be a deeper pink in 1928 if he makes good the high hopes he has aroused for his gubernatorial administration. Few questions will be more assiduously discussed between now and the fall of 1928 than this candidacy. Governor Smith is a very skilful politician, but he is also a statesman and an efficient administrator. Culturally he is not what present-day American society has a right to reckon presidential timber. Yet few men educated in the rough-and-tumble of city life and politics are so well educated. Elements of his education are far more valuable than are anything to be got from the regimen of our colleges and universities. Yet many an American of today, as of former generations, with as little training of the schools, has gained a far more versatile and sound knowledge of history and the lore of books than has Mr. Smith. His lack here is a count against and not for him, wonderful as are his insights upon contemporaneous life. He is "wet." He is a Tammany man, outspoken and unafraid. He is an equally outspoken and conspicuous Romanist in religion. His success in a national election is dependent upon a solid south. Will not even a solid south disintegrate under such an impact? Even after the south has been won, the election of a Democrat is far from achieved. No candidate in the lifetime of any now living has been

successful against such serious odds. If he even wins the nomination he will add an almost inconceivable laurel to a career of astonishing and brilliant triumphs. If he is actually elected to the office—The imagination staggers!

Hats off to the Pope! Or, if that is not proper Vatican etiquette, heads bowed and knees bent to the Pope! We are no Catholic, be it said. We are as sharp in our criticism of Rome as many another upon occasion. But every now and then, it seems to us, the Pope lives up to his claim of being the Vice-Regent of God, the voice of Christian conscience in the world. Benedict did so during the War. Not as strongly, persistently, uncompromisingly as he should and could have done! But of all the official Christian leaders in our western world, he was the only one in that awful time who lived "above the battle," and pleaded with mankind for peace. The Pope's challenge to the nations in 1917 will be remembered forever to his honor and that of the church for which he spoke, as it will be remembered forever to the dishonor of Woodrow Wilson who answered it in terms of blood and iron. And now Pope Pius carries on the great tradition. Alone of all men in Italy, apparently, he dares to denounce Fascism and expose its horrors to the world. Again the Pope does not do all that he might do. His eulogy of Mussolini in his recent utterance was cowardice where it was not clever diplomacy. In not one word or even syllable can we believe it to have been sincere. But much can be forgiven for the sake of what the Pope made plain about Fascism as a government, about its methods, ideas, and practical results. For the first time in months there comes a voice from Italy that dares to speak the truth. Tribute to Mussolini the man is swallowed up and lost in the awful exposure of the system which he has created and which works as the expression of his single will. Speaking for an insulted and outraged church, Pius speaks as well for a nation betrayed, and for a humanity too long abandoned by those who should have been the first to serve her. Here is Rome at her best. A thousand errors elsewhere, as in Mexico, for example, are forgotten if not forgiven in gratitude for this one high service of mankind. To all Americans, especially 100 per centers, we commend the words of His Holiness.

The resolutions adopted by the National Student Conference, which was held this year at Milwaukee, may well set many a person thinking good and hard. These students, be it said, are the intellectual elite of the student world. They are the men and women who are more interested in ideas than in dancing and petting-parties, and who are glad therefore to spend their holidays at a conference rather than a "good time." They are the serious, high-minded, determined members of the college undergraduate groups—the ones who, by sheer force of mind and character, will dominate our society in the next generation. What these youngsters are thinking today, our country will likely be thinking tomorrow. So it is interesting and important to note that these students, in conference assembled, voted to *support the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.* Our young people are all going to the dogs—everybody is drinking—O, yes, so we are told! But these young people are stoutly in favor of Prohibition. They also voted to *condemn compulsory military training in the colleges.* Page the War Department, please! Again, they voted to *work for the equality of all races and colors—equality,* mind you, which means what it says! And they voted to do all in their power to *"break the dependence of the church on the capitalistic system."* How many churches would be left if this "dependence" were broken is an interesting subject for speculation. But we could get along with a lot fewer (*sic*) of the kind of churches that we have today. Lastly, and best of all, the theological students in this conference voted *not to fight in any future war in which the United States may become involved.* We wish that all the students had pledged themselves to this resolution. But much is gained, especially in view of the record of "theologs" in the past, when ministers of religion solemnly vow to have nothing to do with war. Outlaw this vile thing from the churches, and the first step is taken toward outlawing it everywhere.

Judge Landis appears to be bent upon justifying his official existence in organized baseball. Everything in the national pastime is conducted on the grand scale, even its scandals. Will digging out the frowzy clouts from dark and almost forgotten corners, and zealously washing them before the public eye and nose, increase the public admiration of the garments now affected by this commercial colossus? None will withhold approval of the Judge's zeal to keep baseball clean, however much one may question the effectiveness of the present official procedure. Any exposure of trickery and graft is to the good. But questions running much deeper than the virtue or vice of particular baseball heroes, past or present, are aroused in the public mind. Is commercialized sport possible? Does it remain sport? Must not sport be kept inviolate of all ends but itself to be maintained at all as sport? There are some millions of us who love baseball dearly. The zeal of our youth never wholly dissipates. We watch the scores during the season day by day, many oldsters outdoing the youngsters in the exactness of their memory and appraisal of the valorous records of individual players. For our sakes it were well to keep baseball clean. Maybe we are deluded. But even our delusions are more refining than the labors of bought-and-paid-for manikins who run about the bases as the hirelings, now of one dividend-chasing magnate in one

city, and next season of a rival magnate in a rival city. Of course we understand that the motives and manners of sportsmanship are impossible under such conditions. After all is said the much-abused fan on the bleacher or at home with his nose in the evening paper appears to be the only sportsman left. The puppets, who perform as commercial magnates pull the strings, deserve the applause of puppets. It looks as though they weary of their role. The bad boys among them show their yellow, and the good boys groan over their doom to slavery. The Judge has inherited much bigger questions than those now occupying him.

We wonder if the historians of the future, when they sit down to write the story of the decline and fall of the modern world, will find any other one thing quite so characteristic of our age as its *cheapness*. Look at our newspapers! A few great and serious journals left—fewer in this country than anywhere else—but the great majority a hopeless hodge-podge of silly stories, vile scandals, athletic contests, and comic strips. One paper in New York has a circulation well over a million copies a day—the *Daily News*, a vulgar pictorial sheet offering nothing of any interest to anybody but a scandal monger and half-wit. Add to this paper the other two tabloids, the *Mirror* and the *Graphic*, together with the *American* and the *Journal*, and you have a total circulation aggregating half the total population of New York. Then look at the newsstands—see the magazines that cater to the popular taste and get their reward in terms of figures that mount high up in the millions! Is it any wonder that the New York Public Library reports for the year 1925 a decrease in the number of books issued for home use of 531,537? Who wants to read books any more, when he can read *Liberty, Snappy Stories,* and *Physical Culture?* Or sit down at your radio some night, and go right through the program of a single broadcasting station from seven o'clock till midnight. An occasional talk of some merit, an occasional singer singing high-class music, but most of the stuff vaudeville specialties and jazz. The "movies" are the same! Here and there a good, even a great picture, but ninety percent of the reels a shameless compound of cheap humor, cheap sentiment, cheap patriotism, cheap morality. Why deceive ourselves as to the levels upon which the vast majority of our people are living today? Look at our absorption in automobiles, silk-stockings and cigarettes! Behold a struggle for personal liberty on the basis of a right to drink "booze"! Gaze at a landscape plastered with bill-boards advertising gasoline, tires, "smokes" and toilet powders! We are a cheap people living a cheap life. Why should we expect such a civilization to survive?

Concerning Adaptation

Last month a man sixty-eight years of age, was going to the Philadelphia Centennial. He was to meet his daughters there on the Friday; but he had had a bad week in business, he decided to wait over one more day, and leave for Philadelphia Saturday morning. At six in the evening of Friday his driver crashed through the lowered bars of a railroad crossing, bars invisible because of driving snow on the windshield. The machine went onto the track before a backing freight, the car was shattered, the driver was unhurt, but the man, half an hour later, had the right leg amputated.

As soon as he regained consciousness, and before the operation, he said: "Don't let the girls know. It will spoil their vacation." And, "Don't tell father—there is no reason to worry him with this." After the operation someone said to him: "But you're strong." He flexed the muscles of his arms and said, "Oh yes, I'm strong."

Twelve hours later I saw him at the hospital. He asked for my family, and then said: "Who was it who translated Papini's 'Life of Christ'? Dorothy Canfield—yes. She's a good writer. I'm reading a fine book by her." Later he said: "Don't let the other girls come—there is no reason for them to take that long journey." Next morning, when I carried in some yellow chrysanthemums and a primrose plant, and asked if he liked them so, he said: "Would you put the chrysanthemums between the roses and primroses—the little primrose is shadowed by the roses." Later he spoke of a nurse: "One trained in a life-time of consideration for others." And more than once he said: "Well, I've always taken things as they came."

I have a friend who at fourteen had an amputation, and who had recently "hitch-hiked" to Mexico from Wisconsin, then from Mexico to Los Angeles, and back to New York. About him I told the man. He made no comment. Lately I told the boy about the man. And after the boy had left here, he wrote a letter for me to send on to the family of the man who, in the fortnight, has been removed to his daughter's home. The boy's letter said:

> To save you from making some of the mistakes most people make in such cases I am going to say a few words that you may accept as advice from my experience. My leg was amputated three times. The last time some four inches above the knee. There is not anything I cannot do except the Charleston, and the reason I cannot do that I believe is because I have never tried to. I left my home not very long after the accident happened to me. I had to be as good as others and I had to show others that I was. I had no one around me to be wasting pity or creating a consciousness of my condition. That perhaps is the thing that made it so wonderful for me. I sometimes think it is not the fault of the substitutes we have for natural things that prevents them being as good as the natural, but rather our attitude toward them. We are obsessed with the idea that they are not as good and will not try to make them be as

good. Our legs are useless to us in our baby-hood because we don't know how to use them . . . and if we were born without legs and had to put on artificial ones we would learn to use them as well as we now learn to use those we are born with. The basic trouble seems to be just in the consciousness; if one can learn to regard the artificial leg as one regards one's own, the trouble of its use is solved. This ought to convince you of your father's ability to be as he was. But now must come help from you and all who are to associate with him.

Keep people away from him who are going to shed tears and feel sorry for him. Not only will it drive him mad but it will make him develop a self-pity which is the most destructive thing that can happen to him. Never let him feel that you think he cannot do a thing. Do not do things for him unless he requests you to do so. Make him feel that you feel that he can do things he always did do. . . . But all in a few words . . . act as if nothing had happened. Let him talk of his accident . . . but never talk of it first. Do not make him feel that you pity him if he is talking about it. Speak of it if it is necessary in a technical sense and always remark how lucky he was in coming out of it with such little damage. Habit is so strong a thing in human beings that we must fight hard to rid ourselves of it. What your father does and what he feels and thinks now that he must face a change will be influenced by the habits he forms and the environment about him. If you and others are going to impress him with the idea that he must have things done for him, it will not be his fault if he feels that he can no longer do the things he used to do. This all sounds like the rules in some text book; but if you could realize how important they are, you would not hesitate to regard them seriously. I have seen so many go under when a change like this took place in their lives. I have studied them and found it to be just their environment. . . . The attitude they were made to acquire by those around them who thought they were doing the right thing, but who like most mothers were destroying the greatest thing in man—the power to fight and overcome obstacles. Every man has that rigidity within him. If he is left alone, there is no obstacle too great, but if he is petted and made useless, it is only natural that he will give in to what we call civilization. I do hope that your father will be lucky in having around him encouraging people instead of the people who through their ignorance of psychology create a lasting harm that means misery and uselessness to the person who must face a change.

But to be to the point. Do not worry over your father's accident. The hard part is just the pain and the time he must lose. After that has passed, he has nothing to fear—for he has only shed something that can be replaced by man's ingenuity. His hardest fight is to prevent others from convincing him that any thing other than that which they have can be as good. But if your father has around him persons who can penetrate psychologically, you too will be educated into the belief of how little a leg really means.

Meanwhile in his Ohio home the man is listening to reading, absorbed in cross-word puzzles and intent on a kaleidoscope which came to him for Christmas. Of that he said: "It is like a garden. It is more than that."

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

Since the publication of our list of notable dead during the past year, the MIKADO OF JAPAN has died. This completes the record for 1926.

Elihu Root has sternly rebuked the American people for their failure to enter the League of Nations. Well, the American people have disagreed with Elihu Root many times before this, and managed to survive. Root in this country, like Birkenhead in England, is eminently useful as a sign and symbol of what *not* to do.

Spain has reduced her army from 250,000 to 150,000 men, for reasons of economy. Who will or can argue that Spain is any less secure because of this action? Preparedness, like witchcraft, is a superstition.

A recent despatch from Moscow quotes *in extenso* from an "official Spokesman" of the Soviet government. We have heard much of the degeneracy of Bolshevik Russia, but nothing hitherto as bad as this. If Moscow is going to copy the most inane features of the Washington administration under Coolidge, it would seem as though all hope is lost.

We read with intense satisfaction the announcement by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, acting President of the Jewish Institute of Religion in New York, that a chair has been created in that institution for occupancy of non-Jewish scholars, "in order that the students may have the point of view of non-Jews—on the problems that face students of religion." This is religious leadership of a high order. Now let some Christian school of religion reciprocate!

We don't wonder that President Coolidge has appealed to the newspapers of the nation not to criticize his foreign policies. Any policies as vile as those practised by Kellogg today need the protection of a muzzled press.

J. H. H.

The Wind

I am the Wind, unchallenged and unchained.
The Sun alone is mightier than I.
Earth is my varied playground, and the sky
My only limitation. Unrestrained,
I work my wanton will, the Wind's wild will.
Limp flapping mainsails, I billow and fill,
To speed the good ships on their trackless way,—
Or in my fury, lash their decks with spray,
And crunch their hulls like eggshells in my teeth,
Ripping their broad sides on the reefs beneath.
Gay kites, I lift up on swift unseen wings,
Or chase the scudding clouds like frightened things,—
Slam noisy doors, and rattle window-panes,
Turn mills and buffet dizzy weather-vanes.

I blow strange dirges on the lonely pines
Till each tree shivers, and the forest whines.
Slim white-limbed birches, to my heart I press,
Cooling my passion in their loveliness,
Or woo Wisteria and Clematis,
Departing, sweeter, for their lingering kiss.
High on snow-pillowed mountain peaks I sleep,
Or lie sequestered, lone in caverns deep.
I am the Wind immortal, seldom still,
Wandering homeless round the World, exiled,
Whistling or whining,—Heaven's wayward child,
Working my wanton will, the Wind's wild will.

EDITH CAROLYN NEWLIN.

For UNITY.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

To Mexico City

An excursion into Mexico will be of interest. It took me along the Pacific Coast through California to El Paso (Texas), to Mexico City—a journey of five days in all, from Seattle.

As I go, I am impressed by the security of life, in even our half-civilized world. On the same day that I started from Seattle, a city in a "wicked capitalistic country," a daughter started from Moscow, a city in a "wicked socialist country." She took Christmas dinner with my son's family in Dresden, Germany, while I took Christmas dinner with another daughter's family in Oakland. After dinner, we each went on our way—I to Mexico, "country of banditry" to Chicago "city of banditry" where on January 25 we hope to meet, she coming by the "stormy Atlantic" and a New England lecture-tour. Human life is comparatively safe.

Coming via the glorious Shasta route, life could not be dull. On our train we had a couple of extra thrills. In my car was a "snake-lady" who had with her all night in her berth a pet snake, in a box at her feet. Next morning, the report having spread, the officials came stalking in and delivered an address on snakes and railroad rules. The porter then orated on the subject, "Hospital or no hospital"—it was said that the lady had just come out of the hospital—"you needn't worry about my going to pick up that snake. I'll go with you, lady, to the baggage car, but I'll not touch that snake." There was commotion, also, when it was learned that Babe Ruth was on the train. At Grants Pass—a village in the mountains—over 100 "fans" came down to the station to greet him. There were cheers, a speech, a picture—and the King went on his way. I had never seen him before. I should have been more favorably impressed.

Pasadena is an interesting city—a kind of big de luxe suburb of Los Angeles. I wish I could spend a month sometime in the study of its life. I noted many unique experiments in community expression; had a long chat with Dr. I. F. Fox of the First Congregational church. He's the same big-hearted pastor I knew in Chicago, twenty years ago. Last Sunday, he had done a characteristic thing in launching a campaign for releasing from prison Paul F. Mahoney, builder of the grand-stand that collapsed a year ago with tragic results. Dr. Fox, with his family, was among those severely injured. Now, he is out to get Mahoney free from a nine years sentence. "Mahoney was made the goat for the crime of the whole community." Dr. Fox will probably accomplish his purpose. Here's hoping. May this spirit embrace all the civic life of California—and other states.

Also had an interesting interview with Dr. John Carruthers of Occidental College. He is fresh from six months in Russia and Western Asia. It was a delight to see him pour out his impressions and comments, so sane and optimistic. He is one of the coming young men to whom to pin faith. He marvels, as I do, that political Washington sits paralyzed in its attitude toward Russia, while other wiser nations are cultivating friendship and trade with the Soviets.

Sunday night, I attended a Forum in Los Angeles held under the auspices of the American Civil Liberties Union, in which Clinton J. Taft, Robert Whitaker, Judge Ryckman and other brave hearts are keeping alive the flame of civil liberty that burst forth in 1776. There are two branches of the Union in California. One cannot but wonder why this state is thus favored. At this particular meeting, the discussion turned upon the "Search for a New God." It was not declared ended.

A most suggestive meeting on "The U. S. A. and Mexico" was held in the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena, the night before I passed on my way to Mexico. This church is known as the "Church de luxe," which gives an idea of its social standing. The meeting was a revelation. It was a mass meeting called by a joint committee of the Pastors' Union, the Brotherhoods and the Committee of International Relations. On invitation, Mr. Jose Kelley, representative of the Mexican Federation of Labor addressed the meeting for an hour. He is a native American, born of Irish-Mexican parents. On the platform with him was a row of Calvinistic clergymen, who were getting excited over the situation in Mexico. Before introducing Mr. Kelley, the chairman had the audience sing, "Faith of Our Fathers." Whereupon, Mr. Kelley proceeded to show that the Mexican Government is conspicuously succeeding, and in the direction of democracy. . . . That the meeting was sympathetic was shown when the chairman began by saying, "That grand man, David Starr Jordan once said, 'When you see a man who knows where he is going, the world turns aside.'" Continued the chairman, "Such a man is President Calles."

Then, some carefully prepared resolutions were adopted. They expressed "deep concern over the situation in Mexico," hopes that "human interests would be put before property interests" and "confidence in the Calles government," hopes that "all exploitation would cease" and great regrets that "American government should even hint at breaking relations with our sister republic." This mass meeting, in the "Church de luxe," seemed to mean much. The Knights of Columbus have evidently stirred up the Masons and the Klans. The Protestants are becoming aroused, and no Washington government will dare offend these forces, especially when singing, "Faith of Our Fathers."

The trip of twenty-four hours from Pasadena to El Paso was a delight, in point of comfort. I was amply protected. On the wall of steel, near my berth, was a bulletin, with *Safety first, last and all the time! Card Sharks can beat any honest player. If you do not play cards with strangers you are safe. If you do, you invite possible robbery. The "Shark" lives on "Wise Men" who think they can beat him at his own game, but never do.*

To get into Mexico, I found it necessary to be vaccinated, pay two dollars for visas, and prove that I was not objectionable as to character. I came near having trouble at the American end of the bridge, for one official sent me on to another official, Mr. Millikan, the "language tester" who remarked that the first "official had detected a flavor of English" in my speech! Mr. Millikan has charge of the "Juarez League of

Nations" which is the felicitous name of the Immigration Detention Home.

At El Paso, I called at the Y. M. C. A., the Chamber of Commerce and the Gate Way Club and at all of these places was pleasantly and intelligently received, and was fed with some really informing literature. I then fell in with a citizen who had "been to Mexico" and by him was advised to go with "an open mind," and I added "a contrite spirit." As I ate my last lunch before going into this foreign land, I looked out of the window and saw Madonna-faced women passing and in the back-ground a huge V-board with these words, "The U. S. Army Builds Men!"—which led me to ask, Why are there so many soldiers on the Mexican border. I was informed in solemn tones, that there were "so many thousands of U. S. soldiers on the Mexican border, because of the excellent climate." "Yes," I said, and I thought of the excellent climate on the Canadian border, and hurried to catch my train.

From El Paso to Mexico City is a journey of two days, comfortable, increasing with interest each hour. Strangely, the further I go from my country, at this point into Mexico, the better everything looks—fields, stations and people. Mexico is very foreign—more foreign than the most of Europe. One is really looking out upon Italy and Spain that "went West" several centuries ago.

The best short articles I have read on the Mexican situation are found in the October *Survey Graphic*, 1926 of course, by Carlton Beals and Bishop Kelley. Here, two sides are boldly and strongly stated.

There are three nice families in our car. In them are eight children, who are remarkably well-behaved. As I looked at them, it was not pleasant to contemplate some of our future bombers, hovering over their homes. One family is carrying three big dolls, with blue eyes, white skin and blond curls. Another family has a box of blocks—nice ones—with the English alphabet, with "E-Elephant" "M-Man" "Z-Zebra," etc. Thus the two lands are coming to know each other. Its a great improvement on dollar-diplomacy.

As I write, we have just stopped at the little station of Calaya. At each stop, little plates of food and fruit are thrust up to the windows. At Calaya, there was a musician—as at most stations—this time a ragged, old blind man with a harp. What do you think he was singing? It was a popular air, "A Little Home!" I'll be despondent no more. In the two days, I have discerned that the Mexican loves music, poetry and beauty, and honors them. Their way of greeting is illuminating. I have watched scores greet each other at the stations. They use a kind of a duplex embrace, with two love pats on the back—affectionate and hearty. I like to see it. Passing through the town of Juarez I have been reminded that Mexicans had in Juarez, of 1857, a Lincoln, equally great and noble.

Mexico City is near—the City of Palaces! Before I enter it with my readers, I pass on some verses, handed me by a Mexican, in Pasadena, which he said were written by a Mexican girl of 22, and expressed the Spirit of Mexico:

God of the Mexicans, Great Spirit of the Universe:
May the first Commandment be our Supreme Law.
May incense never cloud our perceptions of fundamental truth but wrap us around with reverence for a beautiful and kindly God. May the Communion, whether at the Holy Altar or the sacred contact with fellowmen, be a service and a sacramental act reminding us that Thou art everywhere, all loving and all good.
May we ever remember that Racial Genius, whether ours or the strangers', is part of Thyself, is Thy Thought expressed through a people.
Spirit of God who proclaimed the field of lilies beautiful, may our love for our Homeland be a deep song of thanks for the land.
Our land of exquisite beauty;
May we love Truth;
May we attain Education and Knowledge;
May we grant liberty of Conscience;
May our people be happy and free! Amen.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

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PART II—CHAPTER XVIII

Color Bar

The symbol of a Court of Justice is a pair of scales held evenly by an impartial and blind but sagacious old woman. Fate has purposely made her blind, in order that she may not judge a person from his exterior but from his intrinsic worth. But the Law Society of Natal set out to persuade the Supreme Court to act in contradiction to this principle, and belie its symbol.

I sought to be admitted as an Advocate of the Supreme Court. I held a certificate of admission from the Bombay High Court. The English certificate I had to deposit with the Bombay High Court when I was enrolled there. It was necessary to attach two certificates of character to the application for admission, and thinking that these would carry more weight if given by Europeans, I secured them from two well-known European merchants whom I knew through Seth Abdulla. The application had to be presented through a member of the Bar and as a rule the Attorney General presented such applications without fees. Mr. Escombe who, as we have seen, was legal adviser to Messrs. Dada Abdulla and Co., was the Attorney General, I called on him and he willingly consented to present my application.

The Law Society now sprang a surprise on me by serving me with a notice opposing my application for admission. One of their objections was that the original English certificate was not attached to my application. But the main objection was that when the regulations regarding admission of advocates were made, the possibility of a colored man applying could not have been contemplated. Natal owed its growth to European enterprise and therefore it was necessary that the European element should predominate in the Bar. If colored people were admitted, they might gradually outnumber the Europeans, and the bulwark of their protection would break down.

The Law Society had engaged a distinguished lawyer to support their opposition. As he too was con-

nected with Dada Abdulla and Co., he sent me word through Seth Abdulla to go and see him. He talked with me quite frankly and inquired about my antecedents which I gave. Then he said:

"I have nothing to say against you. I was only afraid lest you might be some Colonial-born adventurer. And the fact that your application was unaccompanied by the original certificate supported my suspicion. There have been men who have made use of diplomas which did not belong to them. The certificates of character from European traders you have submitted have no value for me. What do they know about you? What can be the extent of their acquaintance with you?"

"But," said I, "every one here is a stranger to me. Even Seth Abdulla first came to know me here."

"But then you say he belongs to the same place as you? If your father was Prime Minister there, Seth Abdulla is bound to know your family. If you were to produce his affidavit, I should have absolutely no objection. I would then gladly communicate to the Law Society my inability to oppose your application."

This talk enraged me, but I restrained my feelings. "If I had attached Dada Abdulla's certificate," said I to myself, "it would have been rejected and they would have asked for Europeans' certificates. And what has my admission as advocate to do with my birth and my antecedents? How could my birth, whether humble or objectionable, be used against me?" But I contained myself and quietly replied:

"Though I do not admit that the Law Society has any authority to require all these details, I am quite prepared to present the affidavit you desire."

Seth Abdulla's affidavit was prepared and duly submitted to the counsel for the Law Society. He said he was satisfied. But not so the Law Society. It opposed my application before the Supreme Court which ruled out the opposition without even calling upon Mr. Escombe to reply. The Chief Justice said in effect:

"The objection that the applicant has not attached the original certificate has no substance. If he has made a false affidavit he can be prosecuted and his name can then be struck off the roll, if he is proved guilty. The law makes no distinction between white and black people. The Court has therefore no authority to prevent Mr. Gandhi from being enrolled as an advocate. We admit his application. Mr. Gandhi, you can now take the oath."

I stood up and took the oath before the Registrar. As soon as I was sworn in, the Chief Justice addressing me said:

"You must now take off your turban, Mr. Gandhi. You must submit to the rules of the Court with regard to the dress to be worn by practising barristers."

I saw my limitations. The turban that I had insisted on wearing in the District Magistrate's Court I took off in obedience to the order of the Supreme Court. Not that if I had resisted the order the resistance could not have been justified. But I wanted to reserve my strength for fighting bigger battles. I should not exhaust my skill as a fighter in insisting on retaining my turban. It was worthy of a better cause.

Seth Abdulla and other friends did not like my submission (or was it weakness?). They felt that I should have stood by my right to wear the turban while practising in the Court. I tried to reason with them. I tried to press home to them the truth of the maxim. "When at Rome do as the Romans do." "It would be right," I said, "to refuse to obey if, in India, an English officer or a judge ordered you to take off your turban; but as an officer of the Court, it would have ill become me to disregard a custom of the Court in the province of Natal."

I pacified the friends somewhat with these and similar arguments, but I do not think I convinced them completely, in this instance, of the applicability of the principle of looking at a thing from a different standpoint in different circumstances. But all my life through the very insistence on truth has taught me to appreciate the beauty of compromise. I saw in later life that this spirit was an essential part of Satyagraha. It has often meant endangering my life and incurring the displeasure of friends. But truth is hard as adamant and tender as a flower.

The opposition of the Law Society gave me another advertisement in South Africa. Most of the newspapers condemned the opposition and accused the Law Society of jealousy. The advertisement, to some extent, simplified my work.

M. K. Gandhi.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

A Fortress of Freedom

It was a frontier fortress, in those years, the 'Fifties of the last century—almost a solitary one, from which heavy artillery firing proceeded, not merely across the border, otherwise the Mason and Dixon Line, but even towards the tranquil seats of the compliant descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. Proceeded with relentless regularity and ominous reverberations: for, as sure as Spring returned, this Fortress of Freedom, high Longwood, became vocal, and during the first week of the Month of Roses made hill and vale resound with such protests, such challenges, and such appeals as were scarcely to be heard elsewhere. Had one of Washington's soldiers risen from the burial ground at Birmingham Meeting House not far away, wakened by this new call to arms in a new war for freedom, he might have thought that Old South Church had been magically transported from its Revolutionary site to serve a new rôle, like its old one, among the hills of Chestershire. For this fortress was built in the placid land of Quakerdom, and by Quakers, and in the most English of American counties.

Quakerism, incidentally, has not always meant Quietism. George Fox's saying that one Quaker in earnest could shake the earth for ten miles around was not then subject to facetious inversion. For had not the Meeting House of Old Kennett barred its doors against members who insisted upon voicing their protests against slavery? And had there not been clandestine entrances at the windows with expulsions at the doors? Yes, those were stirring, intense, momentous times in Quakerdom. The little sect was engaged, under the leadership of the spirit of John Woolman, which was marching on, in a great human cause, worthy of its best traditions. Quakerism, pledged against war, had again

become militant. It was finding itself again, renewing its youth. For only Athena, springing full panoplied from the head of Zeus, can symbolize the Society of the Friends of Truth in its origin. Down through its heroic period, there marches forever, to martial measures, the glorious "Death Battalion of Youth." *Battalion,* mark you.

So, in 1853, in response to a call that had gone forth from a few valiant and undefeatable ones, there assembled in the Old Kennett Meeting House "an audience that filled it in every part," to raise anew the battle cry of *freedom.* The boldness of that "Call" impresses us less than its pertinence, with some verbal changes, to the present time. Thus it began:

> The various religious denominations in the land are arrayed against the progressive spirit of the age, and by their very structure, assumptions, and regulations, cannot occupy a co-operative position, because they impose fetters upon freedom of speech and of conscience, by requiring a slavish conformity in matters of abstract faith and sectarian discipline.

The arraignment proceeds through several paragraphs with increasing vigor and with specifications, ending in asserting the need of this come-out organization. It was a veritable blast on the ram's horn, this Call. And who should have been the trumpeter but a man from Boston—none other than William Lloyd Garrison! Strange, yet he was but the spokesman for the valiant little band of fifty-eight men and women of Old Kennett who signed the Call, pledging themselves thereby as champions of freedom. Not a few of them were agents and operators of the famous Underground Railway, which had a supply of stations in the neighborhood.

So, the Old Meeting House was packed, "and many, unable to find room, went away." There were persons, not a few, of national note among the active participants, Lucretia Mott and Sojourner Truth doubtless being the most interesting. Letters of commendation, not at all perfunctory declinations, were read from Theodore Parker, Cassius M. Clay, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, and men of like mind and spirit. Thus Kennett, hitherto known, if known at all, only as the birthplace of a celebrated poet-traveller, now found a place on the map for another reason. But it was unworthy. The new society, under the name of Progressive Friends—as indicating "that more truth yet remained to be discovered and more progress was yet to be made"—moved out three miles, built itself a new meeting house and christened it Longwood.

Theodore Parker preached the christening sermon. This was in 1855. And yet three years later this same valiant champion of the cause came and preached a series of four sermons, "the best expression of his religious thought he ever attained." Thereafter, from year to year, there came to Longwood, with the regularity of June, the men and women who were leading their generation and shaping the destinies of the nation. One of the most eminent said, "I have repeatedly met there no small number of the best men and women I have ever known." Besides those mentioned as being present at the first meeting or as having commended the movement in letters, there came in the early years Theodore Tilton, Moncure D. Conway, James Freeman Clarke, Samuel May, Mary A. Livermore, Wm. Henry Channing, Samuel Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, Aaron Powell, and many more of like note at the time; and then in the later part of the century Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Henry George, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Jr., John M. Chadwick, Florence Kelley, and again many more of such distinction. Many of them came year after year and took an active part in the proceedings.

And what of the hearing? Well, the meeting house, "commodious for ordinary purposes," was packed to overflowing and the lawn about it was thronged; the lanes were filled with vehicles. Garrison, after his first attendance in 1857, wrote in *The Liberator* that there must have been at least three thousand persons on the ground and at least seven hundred vehicles. But more than by the immensity of the throng he was impressed by the earnest character of its interest:

> We have never seen anything quite comparable to it. The old, the middle-aged, the young, were all there, blending into oneness of spirit, and animated by the noblest aspirations after truth and righteousness.

The multitude thus unable to find room within were not to go away disappointed. Addresses were frequently being delivered in the meeting house and on the lawn at the same time. Every kind of social, political, religious, and educational reform had a hearing from their chief champions. Nor were these reformers guests; they did not come merely to "deliver addresses." They participated fully in the activities of the Society: they joined in the discussions; they proposed resolutions and testimonies; they presided, and directed proceedings. The open forum idea prevailed. Every person who came had the freedom of the floor and could vote as well as speak.

But we must go back to the first session, when the Progressive Friends organized. The new Society's "Exposition of Sentiments" demands some of our attention. It follows the lines indicated in the Call, but with the elaboration permitted by some fifteen pages in the printed *Proceedings* and with the eloquence that seemed suitable to a manifesto destined from the nature of the case and the greatness of the cause to become famous.

> In our efforts to apply the principles of Christianity to daily life (so it runs) and to social customs and institutions which we deemed subversive of individual and national morality, as well as in conflict with the laws of God, we encountered the hostility of the popular sects. * * * Mingling with the chime of church bells and with the tones of the preacher's voice, * * * we heard the clank of the slave's chain, the groans of the wounded and dying on the field of bloody strife * * * the sad cry of the widow and the fatherless, and the wail of homeless, despairing poverty, driven
>
> "By foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony
> Forth from Life's bounteous feast."

One forgets in reading this great declaration that the immediate object of its attack was black slavery, so pertinent is it to the slavery which yet endures. "No marvel is it [in view of the Church's betrayal of Christ and of humanity] that insatiate Wealth tramples upon lowly Poverty; . . . that land monopoly grinds humanity to dust." Wherefore "there is need of a new social fabric, of which righteousness and peace are the sure foundations."

The terms of membership were "simple and practical." "Our platform is broad as Humanity and comprehensive as Truth." Its declaration upon

freedom of speech is most interesting: "It will be our aim to cherish freedom of thought and speech, on every subject relating to man's highest welfare. In saying this we have no mental reservations to mock the earnest seekers after the truth . . . We know no question too sacred for examination."

The *Testimonies* pertained to Temperance, Slavery, Capital Punishment, Tobacco, and the Rights, Wrongs, and Duties of Woman. Their condemnation of capital punishment was addressed to the Pennsylvania Legislature, which heard it read and took note of it. To the National Congress they addressed a petition for "the abandonment of all fortifications and preparations for war, the abolition of the army and navy, and of all military schools, over which the Government of the United States has jurisdiction." Subsequent letters to Congress were read on the floor of both chambers and this may have been. In 1862 a delegation from the Meeting were heard by President Lincoln on the question of immediate emancipation. He listened with grave respect and responded seriously. Did Lincoln know that his forefathers were Quakers and that their home was not far across the county from Longwood?

Thus Longwood was not merely a talking institution. It sought to influence action and doubtless was in those years a potent factor in broadening men's views, intensifying convictions, and shaping public opinion. Its *Proceedings,* containing the addresses, sermons, songs, poems, discussions, testimonies, reports, and letters of the three days' session, were annually printed and placed on sale in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. They afford interesting reading at the present day.

When the question of black slavery had been settled new issues came more prominently to the front. Yet Longwood was never an institution of a single cause. It stood from the first for the free and unafraid discussion of every subject of vital present social concern. Longwood was practical or nothing. The question of questions in our own time, namely, the control of capital and the securing of a more equitable distribution of the profits of industry, came early into discussion. These who had led to victory the fight for the emancipation of four million black slaves on Southern plantations now began to lead the more prolonged fight for the emancipation of a much greater number of white slaves in the shops and the factories of the North.

The analogies of the new and larger cause to the old were quickly discerned. A Report in 1868 states:

"The voluntary application of the remedy [for this evil of inequity] will require as strong a sense of justice on the part of capitalists today as the abolition of slavery would have required years ago from the Southern people."

Those who today look for "reform" on the part of capitalists, and so preach patience to the workers and their friends who would compel the capitalists to resign their privilege of exploitation, are welcome to all the support they can derive from history. When did the privileged ever as a class forego their privileges except under compulsion—like King John at Runnymead, the French aristos at the Place de la Guillotine, and the slave-masters at Appomattox?

"Men can tolerate distant views of duty, but it is hard to have them brought home thus instantly to our doors and see in them the loss of wealth and ease and social consideration." (Sermon by Joseph May, 1879.) "The capitalist, meanwhile, does not often yield until compelled to by the force of events. It would be contrary to all historical precedents if he should do so." (Address by Frederick A. Hinckley, 1889). "You cannot right a wrong without doing someone a relative injury. * * * There is no possible way of changing from the wrong to the right without injuring those who have profited by the wrong." (Address by Henry George, 1884).

Then, in 1898, this resolution was unanimously passed:

"*Resolved,* That the principles of Socialism: 1. The organic union of humanity; 2. The evolution of industry toward progressive public administration; 3. 'From everyone according to his ability, to everyone according to his necessity,' are the principles of humanity, Christianity, and common sense; and

"*Resolved,* That we advocate their adoption and expression in our national life, by the orderly processes of social evolution."

Thus, through a half-century, Longwood was a force in the nation to be reckoned with. A speaker at the Fiftieth Anniversary session said: "Longwood was and still is an instrument to widen the thoughts of men"; and, saying this, he appealed to the members to gird their loins and go forward, as did their heroic fathers, against "forms of slavery and iniquity as hateful as those of their day."

And what of Longwood's later history? Well, in the matter of speakers and testimonies the great tradition has been maintained. The outstanding fighters for the best causes have been heard there—Scott Nearing, Norman Thomas, Alexander Irvine, Roger Baldwin, in the very latest years. But alas! the tradition of a packed and overflowing meeting house, of crowded lawn and lanes, has somewhere in the years been lost. Seldom is the little edifice filled. The young are not there, and scarcely the middle-aged. The testimonies, however, have the old ring. They declared, in part, this year as follows:

We advocate the fullest and freest opportunities for the Negro in living his life and securing his livelihood under the guarantees of the Federal Constitution, and full and complete civil liberties.

Inasmuch as Capital in the present stage of economic development is organized and presents a well-nigh solid front in its operations and bargainings, we recognize the right, both legal and moral, of the other factor in production, namely, Labor, also to organize and thus to meet organized Capital with something like a parity of advantage. For the good of entire society we cannot but sympathize with workingmen in organizing into unions and seeking the advantages of collective bargaining in marketing their product—labor. We reprobate the violent and illegal and extra-legal efforts of certain powerful representatives of capital to destroy unionism.

Since, in many parts of our land, the foundation principles of free government and the best traditions of our Republic are being assailed, particularly by the denial of the right of assembly and the right of free speech, and by the violent arrest and imprisonment of such as attempt the peaceable exercise of these rights, we pledge our moral support to the American Civil Liberties Union, whose specific object is the safe-guarding of these sacred rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

Since, as the Union in its valiant work has learned, the attempts to annul these rights and to use violence and tyrannical and oppressive measures come in the main from the capitalistic class and officers who represent or are under the control of that class, we approve of such efforts as have for their object an economic order of society in which there shall be no such dominant and oppressive class, but, instead thereof, a system of democratic control

of industry by which an equitable distribution of profits shall be secured.

The democratic organization and management of industry for service to the whole of society and not for private profit commends itself to our minds as the immediate necessary condition of peace for the world, and of social justice and well-being for all men.

We declare our abhorrence of the arrest, imprisonment, and transportation of any persons in our country for the mere expression of opinion, for the advocacy of any system of society or form of government, or for a non-violent change of government or society.

The peaceful white little meeting house stands on its green lawn, in the cool shade of its oaks and hemlocks, facing—not at all fortress-like—the home of the multimillionaire owner of the powder-mills and not less deadly tetraethyl plant on the Delaware. He has taken the name "Longwood" for his magnificent manorial estate. So, there are two Longwoods, and no two institutions could be conceived of as standing in greater opposition to each other. Which is right—"Longwood"—the powder-works, the death factory of tetraethyl, the million-dollar conservatory, the farm tenantry—or LONGWOOD?

West Chester, Pa. ROBERT T. KERLIN.

Is Tolerance a Virtue?

Reverberating 'round the world today is the cry "Tolerance!" "Tolerance!" From press, pulpit and rostrum comes this pleading cry, and in every square in the City of Man the mobs are reechoing the cry,—panting, frantic, madly zealous, bristling with antagonism and—intolerance! And in the City of God the angels sit with bowed heads and weep: "Man, child of confusion!"

What is tolerance, after all, so much and so loudly talked of? Is it being on the side of one cause or another that stamps one as tolerant or intolerant? On my desk are some dozen sermons by as many divines nationally known as protagonists of liberalism in the church. All these sermons plead for tolerance and all of them are as pig-headed, as bristling with antagonism and intolerance, as anything that comes from the camps of the pious. Before me is a volume of wide popularity urging the open-mindedness and the objective methods of the scientists in our social life, and every paragraph of this book is a fierce scowl and a bitter sneer of contempt of everything that runs counter to the theses presented. Several magazines are before me, representing the liberal press. They are the exponents of the liberal tendencies in our politics, the arts and the literatures—at least so they claim. But if there is anything that characterizes these papers it is their sharp aversion to everything that does not appeal to them.

Is tolerance an attitude of non-interference with any man's convictions and doings? If it is, then tolerance runs squarely counter to the world as it is constituted today, flies in the face of human nature, and, in the end, terminates as an absolutely negative value spelling indifference to every human value. More than that: if allowed to run its course it will destroy itself. The culmination of such a philosophy of tolerance would be expressed in some such words as these: "I don't care what happens to anybody or anything; let the world and all and everybody that's in it go to the devil—if the devil wants it. And let the devil too go to the devil."

The conception of tolerance as being total forebearance of any one's opinions and acts is based on the ridiculously false assumption that the creed and life of one man run parallel to the creed and life of his neighbor. But far from running along lines which never meet, men's opinions and endeavors form one knotty, struggling, chaotic mass where the interests of one can not be separated from the interests of another. One can not sneeze without interfering with his neighbor's pursuit of happiness. And as soon as the interests of one man encounter the interests of another, tolerance is challenged, and if these interests be vital tolerance is put in the background. The struggle for survival knows not tolerance, and the world we live in, even as man himself, is the victorious remnant of this relentless struggle. Neither the nature of man nor the world we live in will give us the chance to suffer without murmur the doings of our neighbors. In fact, are not all our endeavors in social betterment planned, studied efforts in intolerance—intolerance of all that is in the way of the ideals we sponsor? Were we to give full play to tolerance in the sense of indifference in our social relationships the structure of civilization would collapse and man would find himself back in the jungle —and back would come the blood-red claw and the brutal jaw. In our present world with our present race of men suffering every man to carry on unmolested anything he pleases is not only attempting an impossible ideal but a tremendously dangerous one. Is not this the guiding philosophy of the anarchist—that gentleman for whom we have such pronounced aversion? Full tolerance implies an earth inhabited by a race of mollusca or imbeciles, for the feeble minded are the most tolerant among the sons of man.

How can I tolerate my neighbor's undoing that which I am building? I have built that stately mansion for my soul to live in, I have built it in anguish of heart and mind. Now, my neighbor is dynamiting it with facts and arguments and even legislation. Shall I tolerate him? "But," you say, "it is your neighbor who is intolerant. Tolerance asks him to allow you to enjoy your temple." That is assuming, again, that the structure I have reared and the structure he has built can stand side by side. And this assumption is utterly false. Mine gives the lie to his, and he, in defending his own, must tear down mine. Of what am I complaining if not just this: that he is raising a structure which threatens mine?

If we are not willing to say that tolerance is a purely negative value spelling sheer indifference and seek its positive aspect, we strike this snag: tolerance is organically intolerant. The cat is back on her paws. The more we fight for tolerance the more intolerant are we. The more we press its positive aspect the more we turn it into intolerance.

Any positive value offers resistance to everything that runs counter to it. Any man of convictions will seek to thwart those forces that threaten his ideals. The measure of his resistance will depend on how zealous he is in behalf of his creed. That is why all those sermons and all those essays from the pens of the liberals are essentially intolerant. It is easy enough for the so-

called "liberal" to be tolerant. He has nothing at stake. He is not in love with any driving ideal—certainly not wedded to one. If he is not altogether negative his positive character is so faint that it is not worth preserving. But the man who champions a cause dear to his heart, the prophet enthralled by a vision, the social reformer enchanted by a dream of a happier world, can not be tolerant. The way to make him tolerant is to force him to renounce his ideals. Assuming that this is possible, are we ready to do it?

Tolerance and convictions do not live together. They are incompatible. They are extremely ill-mated. Their offspring is cant. The farther one is from the other the happier and the more genuine are they.

What, then, follows? Is the conclusion to be drawn that since tolerance is either sheer indifference leading to destruction or the hallucination of a fevered mind incapable of sane control, we slink back every man into his own trench and turn this earth into an even more mercilessly war-swept No Man's land? Have we backed ourselves into the camp of fierce bigotry?

We who are pleading for tolerance this day are misrepresenting our cause and are thereby impeding our own progress. We cry "Tolerance!" but we do not want that at all. What we really want is intelligence and good will. When we ask a man to be more tolerant we wish him to be a bit more reasonable, a bit more open-minded, a little more inclined to examine the difficulty in question from a view other than the one he insists on taking. Not tolerance do we want, for that is a snag and a confusion; but a sympathetic understanding. And in the back of our minds is the hope expressed as a truth in the saying: "to understand is to forgive."

We had better quit talking tolerance, for that, if it means anything at all, is an unearthly ideal for creatures other than human. Man is born intolerant. He is intolerant of everything that discomforts him—his body or his mind. He is antagonistic to everything that seeks to rob him of his things or his ideals. He is jealous of his wife and zealous for his God. Moreover, tolerance is not the issue today. The Lord of our day is bringing us not peace but the sword; He is giving us this day the choice between stupidity and intelligence. Both are deadly. But stupidity is fatal whereas intelligence may save.

Not tolerance, then, but a penetrating intelligence; not indifference but a sympathetic concern! Not tolerance but a militant intelligence and good will is the crying need of our day. Man has reached the point today where he must go down on his knees and pray with the ancient seer: "Grant me understanding that I may live," and civilization will pray with him, for the measure of its life is dependent on its degree of sympathetic understanding.

Pensacola, Florida. BERYL D. COHON.

The Study Table

Two Books of Poetry

Merle St. Croix Wright, when he died in 1925, left behind him a mass of unpublished material. Among this was much poetry, of which not a single line had ever appeared in print. Dr. Wright was as indifferent to his work and therefore as wasteful as God himself, whose "prodigality" he celebrates in a poem published in this paper after his death and now republished in this volume.* His genius rushed forth in expression like a vast Niagara flood, careless of what became of the waters past so long as other waters came pouring on from the deep-hidden springs of thought and feeling.

But others have been more careful. Responding to the desires of many friends, Mr. Wright's wife and daughter have gathered together a selection of his poetry and published it in a beautifully composed and printed volume, fittingly entitled "Ignis Ardens." The pieces are uneven, many of them imperfect; the author had too many poems to write, as nature has too many leaves to make, to labor long in making any one of them flawless! But all are hot, like blazing fires; they leap like flame, and flash like lightning. Sheer beauty is everywhere, and passion, ecstacy, delight. It is easy to see that these poems sprang from quick waves of feeling—the joy, despair, struggle, frustration and victory that accompanied him from day to day, almost from moment to moment, in his exhaustive reading, his contacts with the world and people, his deep personal love, and his inner loneliness of meditation and prayer. There is wonder in this book, for a great spirit looks out from its pages, but there is tragedy, also, for that great spirit was somehow tortured and baffled. The motto on the title-page is significant:

> I am as Hercules upon his pyre,
> A phoenix from the cinders of its sire;
> I burn—I am consumed—and I aspire.

In mental power, spiritual vitality, sheer force of personality, Mr. Wright was a superman. He left pathetically little by which to be remembered. Hence our gratitude for this precious volume!

Lucia Trent is well-known to readers of this paper, as she has written often for these columns. Her work, as it has appeared from time to time in UNITY and other magazines, has been of a high order, but, even so, it had not prepared us for such exquisite poetry as appears in her first volume, "Dawn Stars."* Here is beauty of the purest order—quiet, serene, simple, because the perfect expression of a mind that sees clearly its thought in pictures of utter loveliness. To pass from Mr. Wright's book to Miss Trent's is like passing from a rushing mountain torrent to a deep and placid lake. Here is no struggle—only the peace of adoration and surrender into which one may look to great depths and in which one may discover far visions. Miss Trent uses mostly the older forms; her pieces are short; she attempts no long, sustained flights, never for a moment strains or over-taxes her strength. One feels a sense of mastery in her beautifully finished lines—a poise and dignity, as well as infinite tenderness, in her whole attitude. Still young in years, still quick in her raptures of love and high ambition, she has none the less caught much of life's deeper meanings, and sensed its basic tragedy. But it is beauty that at the last, as at the first, remains the dominant note of her work. Miss Trent is one of our true American poets. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Ignis Ardens," by Merle St. Croix Wright. Published by Harold Vinal, New York.

*"Dawn Stars," by Lucia Trent. Published by Henry Harrison, New York.

Correspondence

Did the Liquor Referendum Mean Anything?

Editor of UNITY:

Montana has voted wet because the church people were asleep at the switch while local bootleggers aided by foreign distillers and brewers worked night and day.

Our January session of the Montana Legislature will probably enact a Prohibition Law with teeth in it. Both the Lower and Upper House more nearly represent the substantial citizenry of the State and I am quite sure are anti-booze by a large majority.

I congratulate you on the very wise and timely things you are saying for a bone-dry nation and a saloonless world. JAMES W. ZACHARY.

Coolwater Ranch, Winifred, Mont.

Stealing and Killing

Editor of UNITY:

As one very much interested in the question of world peace I would like to add a word to the recent discussion on preparedness by your correspondents.

War is murder, but like other forms of murder, it is usually the result of other crimes, not the unprovoked desire to take the life of another. In other words, to declare war to be murder and yet permit stealing in the form of exploitation, confiscation or in any other form, is as illogical as teasing a dog until he bites and then declaring that he shall be killed as a vicious brute. The highway robber who kills does so because of the interference with his method of acquisition which, in its aim and result, is not different from the abuse of economic or official power. Our interference with England's exploitation of her American colonies (we called it "taxation without representation") resulted in the war of independence. The exploitation of the colored race caused us to murder each other. The hope of world domination by economic control was, no doubt, the greatest cause of the world war—and the same control gained by other nations in the scuffle may, in the minds of the less fortunate nations, be the excuse for another wholesale murdering.

The laws "thou shall not steal" and "thou shall not kill" are just as fundamental in an honest and peaceful world whether the law is stated in the Bible, published in Poor Richard's Almanac or merely impressed upon our consciousness. As taking the rights, privileges and property of others without their consent, too often leads to war and other forms of murder, we should examine our rules of conduct which have led to the very evident results. Each nation has its set of rules called laws, but these are used only to interpret another set of rules known as the economic system, the abuse of which results in the violation of the above fundamental laws.

Aside from the violation of the rules of the economic system, its misapplication is the greatest crime. We mouth property rights but refuse to establish such rights by full recognition of the relative value contributed by each. As property rights is the first principle of the economic system, we must ask ourselves how such rights are established without an initial distribution of property (or goods) as it is produced. Under our complex industrial system an immediate distribution is impossible. Therefore, the people are naturally divided into two groups or classes; those who come into immediate control of goods as they are produced, and those who, necessarily, must accept money as an evidence of the value due them. This arrangement assures the property rights of the first group, but the application of the law of supply and demand violates the property rights of the second group. In other words, if this second group should earn and receive more money and attempt to collect more goods or property, the "increased price due to increased demand" would rob them of any increase due them. This means that, while those who accept money are under the control of contracts and agreements, and subject to the regulation and interference of the government, the other group has the special privilege of interpreting the whole economic system, without regulation or interference. Of course, if this latter group were strictly honest we might expect a proper stewardship or just accounting, but because they average up with the rest of us, some regulation should compel a recognition of the lien due all others who have contributed a value to the goods in their possession.

The best preparation for war is to eliminate this violation of the first of these two fundamental laws, "thou shall not steal" and "thou shall not kill." This would compel the respect and sacrificial devotion of every citizen. It is also the best preparation for peace, because it will remove the greatest cause for war and other murders.

CHARLES P. KRAFT.

Columbus, Ohio.

Gandhi

[From a private letter]

"Gandhi is generally referred to as a slight, short, thin, frail, ascetic-looking sort of person. But he was not always so frail. That was the result, he told me, of having taken a long hard walk too soon after a fast either in South Africa toward the end of his stay there, or after returning to India in 1914. His cousin, Magaulal Gandhi, who was in South Africa with him, told me that there Mahatmaji was a prodigious eater, and could walk 30 and 40 miles a day without tiring. In fact he used to do that every week-end for a considerable period, while he was working in the city and the others were out at their farm colony. They used to walk part way to meet him. Always then, and now too, he was and is the life of any crowd or group he is with. Unless it is on a formal occasion or a serious conference, he is constantly joking and laughing and teasing people, and keeping everyone greatly amused. And before evening prayers it is so nice to see him playing with the little girls who cluster around him. Things like these perhaps would keep people from thinking of him as a stern ascetic saint too far from people to make it worth while to do anything but sentimentalize about him. Too many westerners tend to get falsely romantic about the Orient."

Bombay, India. X.

UNITY as Prescribed Reading

Editor of UNITY:

I am offering a course in a Seminar in Economics and History at this institution during the Spring quarter. I want my students to create a taste for good reading, and also to make themselves acquainted with the various good journals. To accomplish this end I shall require each student to read your paper as part of his daily work. Will you please let me know if you can let us have about a dozen issues (the exact number will be known later) of your paper to be sent in one package at the same rate which you charge to subscribers. O.

Wiley College, Marshall, Texas.

Two Friends Worth Having

I

Editor of UNITY:

I like UNITY, which is perhaps the most straightforward paper of its kind in America. I am only sorry that I shall have to drop it for a while for reasons of economy.

With all good wishes to UNITY which it is good to know exists and lives, I am P. G.

II

Editor of UNITY:

Though I am not with you orthodoxically speaking (i. e., religiously speaking), I am decidedly with you from a strictly humanitarian standpoint. I was first attracted to you by a friend and subscribed as a matter of curiosity and interest to know you and your work better.

Since I never scoffed I cannot now claim that I am "staying to pray"; but I have come to realize that you fit into and fill a particular niche not otherwise filled to my knowledge by any publication of a religious or semi-religious nature. In many ways I love and approve of you; and I realize that you are doing a great work. Therefore it is not only my privilege to enjoy you but my bounden duty to help you and thereby help my fellow men.

I am wishing not to miss a number; and, as I note that my subscription expires in January, I am enclosing check for renewal. Hoping that you will abide and keep up the good work for universal "peace on earth" through the "Outlawry of War" plan, I am, with cordial wishes,

SPENCER M. DEGOLIER.

Bradford, Pa.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Monthly News Sheet

International. — *"Inter-Parliamentary Week"* took place at Geneva, August 26 to September 1. Delegates of 21 national groups, forming the six Permanent Committees of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, studied problems such as the crisis in the Parliamentary system, mandates, minorities, etc. The Committee on Juridical Questions decided that the Union should ask the League Committee for the Codification of International Law to include urgent political questions in its scheme of work, and that, if necessary, the Union should itself prepare a draft convention. Armaments and the creation of a European Customs Understanding are on the agenda of the next conference.

International Friendship through the Churches.—The Management Committee of the World Alliance held its annual meeting in September at Lausanne. It was agreed that the World Alliance should retain its special work of peace and international friendship, and that the Continuation Committee on Life and Work should devote itself chiefly to the problems of a new social order. A World Conference on Peace and Friendship is to be held in connection with the next international meeting of the Alliance, in Prague in the summer of 1928.

Pan-Asiatic Congress.—The Pan-Asiatic Congress, meeting in Nagasaki and attended by fifty delegates from China, Japan, India and the Philippines, closed on August 3 after electing two Japanese, two Chinese, two Indians and one Filipino as directors of the new League of Asiatic Nations. The Congress decided that the next Conference should be held at Peking. It is reported that a Chinese delegate startled the Congress by proposing that the Pan-Asiatic League should assist India and the Philippines to regain their independence. A Japanese delegate deprecated public discussion of the proposal, fearing that the police would break up the meeting if anything injurious to Anglo-Japanese and American-Japanese friendly relations were debated. The Congress finally decided to discuss the proposal later in secret.

An International Conference of War Victims and ex-Soldiers took place at Geneva, on October 3. National associations which include more than three million members, in France, Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, Czecho-slovakia, Finland, Italy, Poland, Roumania and Serbia were represented. The conference, which was under the chairmanship of a French and German delegate, decided to constitute the International Federation of Ex-Soldiers, for the purpose of promoting the interests of ex-soldiers and of working together for world peace. The Federation welcomes the principle of obligatory arbitration and disarmament with effective international supervision, and it emphasizes the instruction of youth in pacifist ideas. The German ex-soldiers, through their delegation, pledged themselves to maintain democratic government in Germany as a guarantee against a repetition of 1914; the French, likewise, solemnly promised to oppose Imperialism and to do their utmost for Franco-German reconciliation.

* * *

Austria.—*The First Pan-European Congress* was held in Vienna, October 3-6. It is stated that 27 nations were represented, of European nations only Soviet Russia being without a representative. There was an enthusiastic audience, drawn from well-to-do, political, and intellectual circles. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi explained the aims of the movement, which were: compulsory arbitration, removal of tariff and traffic barriers, abolition of national hatred and oppression of minorities. The Austrian ex-chancellor, Herr Seipl, and Herr Loebe, President of the Reichstag, were among the speakers, and M. Beaumarchais, the French Minister in Vienna, was the official representative of France. The German ex-chancellor Wirth made a passionate plea for French and German co-operation in building up a united Europe, which should give peace and happiness to humanity. Although Soviet Russia and Great Britain (on account of her colonies) were not included in Pan-Europe, they were to be allowed freedom to enter if they chose, and close co-operation with the two States was assured. The Greek ex-minister, Herr Politis, explained that Pan-Europe is a necessary section of the League of Nations, which is occupied with world problems.

A resolution was also passed, embodying a request that the League should set up a permanent Pan-European Office.

* * *

Greece.—At a recent meeting of the Boy Scouts' Association of Greece and Macedonia, it was decided, on the proposal of the Macedonians, to refuse the offered subsidy from the Greek War Offices. The Boy Scouts are giving all their spare time to anti-malarial work; oiling ponds, disinfection, etc.

* * *

India.—In the following extract from an article in *Foreign Affairs,* C. F. Andrews, a friend of Gandhi, and member of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, describes an interview with Mr. Montagu, Secretary of State for India, in 1918:—

"Tell me, Andrews," he said, "what you think about the Reform Proposals?"

"Do you want my frank opinion?" I asked.

He said at once, "Yes," and I blurted out what I felt at that time to be the truth. "You are fiddling," I said, "while Rome is burning."

He demurred to what I said, but I stuck to it, and explained to him that to build up a democratic reform scheme on a grossly corrupt police, prison, and spy system was to begin with the roof instead of the foundation. I also spoke of the "untouchable" problem which had never yet been tackled. "Let there be," I said, "some years of joint work at honest administrative and social reform, calling in the best people, and inviting meanwhile the very ablest Indians, whose characters stand highest, into all the public services right up to the very top. Don't worry too much about elections yet; but use the interval to make both the Government and the people ready, and fix a definite date when complete responsibility will be handed over."

I do not at all know whether my suggestion was practical. It would have demanded exceptionally honest men to work it, and it would have needed the absolute guarantee of a definite date to be fixed when responsible Government should be allowed if it were to be accepted by the Indian people. The crux of the whole matter, with me, was the moral issue. The Government of India had become, in certain respects—especially where the poor people were most nearly affected—like a huge old lumbering coach, which could not be repaired fast enough on one side before another part broke down.

Mr. Montagu puzzled his head a good deal over my brutally frank words about the police, prison, and spy system, and knitted his brow very hard. He tried to counter my arguments. But here I was on much firmer ground than he was. For I had been living among village and laboring people, and knew their experiences at first hand. I had also been subject, all the while, to the constant attentions of the Criminal Investigation Department—the notorious C. I. D. He asked me to give instances of police tyranny; and when I gave him abundant evidence from my own personal experience he could hardly believe me. "Do you mean to say," he asked me, "that this is literally true?" "Yes," I said, "literally true. It happened to me personally."

Correction

The booklet entitled "The Medical, Social, Economic, Moral and Religious Aspects of Birth Control" by Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf, which was reviewed by John Haynes Holmes in the issue of UNITY for December 27th, is for sale at the American Birth Control League, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The price for the paper-bound copy is now 25 cents, and the cloth-bound copy 50 cents.

As already mentioned in the review, all benefit derived from the sale of this book is to be consecrated to propaganda work of the League and the maintenance of birth control clinics.

Secret

When I was very young I wished
That I might soon be old;
I thought that youth was but the ore
That age refined to gold.

I said all that some years ago
—I'm older than I was—
I say it still, but privately,
I wonder if it does.

—Georgine M. Adams.
Contemporary Verse.

Thoughts on a Prison

The heavens are moving tonight
To imperious music,
They are heavens to be searched
By one who has awakened
From delirious dreaming.
They are not meant to cover
This dwelling of miserable men,
But the eyes of the stars,
Looking down on this inglorious structure
Hold more pity
Than the eyes of the world.

Lucia Trent.
From "Dawn Stars."

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